THOUR'T FALSE TO ME,

Arranged by S. CARUSI. for the GUITAR.

St: Louis

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Con Amore.

Thour't false to me, Thour't false to me, And pride should teach me to forget; But still my heart beats warm for thee I love thee, yet, I love thee yet. I've tried to still each burning thrill, I've tried to drown each fond re - gret; But oh! my soul brooks no controul, I love thee yet, I love thee yet.

2

Still mid the gay I'm seen I'm heard,
My Mother joys to hear me sing;
Nor dreams, that like the wounded bird,
I bear the shaft beneath the wing,

Still in my bower at twilight hour,
I mourn o'er hopes forever set;
And tears might tell, how much too well,
I love thee yet — I love thee yet.

37/4-1